THE

CRISIS.

NUMBER XLIV. *To be continued Weekly.*

SATURDAY, NOVEM. 18, 1775. [*Price* Two Pence Half-penny.

His *Pupil's* Tongue, how *Mansfield's* Brain ſupplies,
Teeming with Miſchief and *majeſtic Lies!*

ANONYM.

Have juſt obſerved how one of the weakeſt and wickedeſt men in England was lately eſcorted, *trembling*, where no fear was, under an unuſual *civil* and *military* parade, to the moſt *corrupt Houſe* in the Britiſh empire, amidſt the ſecret curſes, open hiſſes, and bittereſt reproaches of a free people; who will not long brook the repeated inſults, treacheries, barbarities, and treaſons of a venal combination of TYRANTS, under the ſpecious names of *King*, *Lords*, and *Commons*. The aſſaſſins of *government* have placed *me* beyond the further reach of *royal* or *miniſterial* vengeance. My *maſſacre* was but a prelude to what will ſhortly follow; that of thouſands, by the hands of *foreign* troops, moſt *kindly and parentally* called in (as the *parliamentary addreſſes* ſay) for the *conſtitutional neceſſity* of cutting the throats of ENGLISHMEN. From *me* let ENGLAND receive a timely caution. Let not the ſons of liberty be deceived by the vile artifices of traytors, and the only trayter to their country.

This

This combined gang of venal parricides, in order to take off the attention of the people from their villainous deſigns, and to impreſs them with falſe fears, are now pretending PLOTS againſt the *government*; a *government*, for which (as it is now adminiſtered) the people need not be very anxious. The fruits of it can only be enormous taxes, deſpotic edicts, bloody maſſacres, and final *ſlavery*. A temporary *anarchy* is far more eligible than theſe. In the *pious* reigns of *Charles*, *and James* the ſecond, there was an *Oates* and a *Bedloe*. The preſent reign, more *pious* ſtill, has produced a *Richardſon*, who will be damned, I hope, to equal infamy with his two *courtly* and *miniſterial* predeceſſors.

This latter villain has been palpably ſet up merely for a pretence of inſpecting Mr. Sheriff *Sayer's* private papers. The ſcheme was *Mansfield's*. A *ſtale* ſtratagem to alarm the people. whilſt the *Miniſtry*, at a ventute, poached for crimes in the cabinet of the only *city magiſtrate* they *dared* attack. Such *miniſters* (like thoſe of *Charles* and *James*) will even precipitate baſe and needy wretches into eternal perdition to ſerve their own pernicious purpoſes. With them the ſubornation of *Perjury* againſt the lives and fortunes of innocent men, is no more than the ſubornation of *votes* from a guilty and corrupt *majority*. Theſe ſhallow devices may excite the contempt and reſentment of a diſcerning people, but never can procure a ſingle hand or heart in aid of a perfidious and deſigning *government*

The next *royal ſpeech*, may, perhaps, promiſe to unravel *horrid plots* againſt the conſtitution: but it's only enemies, its only traytors ſurround the throne, engroſs the *cabinet*, and inſtill infectious principles into the head and heart of ductile and deluded *Majeſty*. Let *Bute* and *Mansfield* be inſtantly diſmiſſed; let them depart in time, to the world of ſpirits, nor be ſuffered longer to miſlead a *peeviſh baby*, to the ruin of himſelf and the whole empire of *Great Britain*; let them know, that their repeated attempts to deceive and enſlave a free people, are capital offences, and demand immediate vengeance from an injured nation.

If they ſuffer the *infernal author* of the laſt deluſive *ſpeech*, to write another, they deſerve to fall the tame victims of all his MACHIAVELIAN plans, for the eſtabliſhment of deſpotic power, and the deſtruction of the Britiſh conſtitution. Hear how this *Scotch traytor* dares to ſcatter his ſtudied deluſions from the throne, and make his SOVEREIGN an inſtrument for palming his crafty, but ſhallow impoſitions on the public !---He opens with the (*ſituation* of *America*)--a miſerable one indeed !---To this *ſituation* is *America* reduced, by the pernicious counſels of himſelf and his colleague *Bute*, who durſt reſide no longer at his own habitation, but ſkulks about in holes and corners of the Palace, the *David Rizzio* of the preſent Æra.

Let

Let us now attend to the (conſtant deſire of having the advice, concurrence, and aſſiſtance) of whom? Of a corrupt majority, bribed and penſioned to betray thoſe for whom they pretend the moſt diſintereſted and paternal care.---A whining inſinuation next ſucceeeds againſt (thoſe who have long laboured to inflame). That is, againſt all the true conſtitutionaliſts and honeſt revolutioniſts throughout the empire. Theſe *incendiaries*, it ſeems, have (infuſed a ſyſtem of opinions repugnant to the true conſtitution of the colonies.) Does the true conſtitution of the Colonies differ, then, from the eſtabliſhed conſtitution of England? Let the ſagacious *Mansfield* declare in what particular, and learn to bluſh (if poſſible) at his own LYE. This courtly PROTEUS talks in the next breath of *American* (*uſurpation.*)--Good my Lord, in candour, in honour, and in truth, ingenuouſly confeſs, that *reſiſtance* and *uſurpation* are very different in their natures. The noble Lord winds his paragraph up with a threat of (*a ſufficient force to ſupport*) the weaker and more loyal part of *America*. This menacing aſſertion muſt be received with laughter and contempt. There is no part of *America* ſo weak as to crouch paſſively under the tyrannic rod of an arbitary unfeeling government. If this be loyalty, may they ſtill glory, to the honour of humanity, in being moſt virtuous and illuſtrious rebels; ſuch rebellion is true conſtitutional reſiſtance; nor has the univerſe a ſufficient force to ſubdue the combined virtue of a nation; though an inundation of parliamentary aſſaſſins may deſtroy the works of ages, ruin commerce and cultivation, lay waſte cities and whole provinces, and leave their brave inhabitants expiring on the earth. But this noble union in the cauſe of liberty, is called by Mansfield (*a deſperate conſpiracy*).

The (*authors and promoters of ſo deſperate a conſpiracy*) if your Lordſhip, in your great zeal for the public good, really wiſhes to detect them, men bribed and penſioned with the public-money, to form a deſtructive majority in parliament, and ſheltered behind the throne, I do not ſay in it, are by no means fit for the purpoſe, and well may the (*intentions of the two parties differ.*) But the lenity of government was ſuch, that it *wiſhed rather to reclaim than ſubdue.*) Indeed! Why then did theſe mild reclaimers, in all the petty impotence of their deſpotic vengeance, ſend forth FAMINE, FIRE, SWORD, and all the horrors of WAR, in one hand, whilſt they ſtoped their parental ears againſt the repeated ſupplications of their children with the other?

Thus did a mild government, and a chriſtian parliament, breathe (*the ſpirit of moderation and forbearance.*) His Lordſhip adds, that (*conciliatory propoſitions, accompanied the meaſures taken to enforce authority.*) 'Tis true, the benevolent alternative held out to oppreſſed *America*, was an eaſy and a generous choice, between the poiſon and the dagger; between a lingering and an inſtant ruin. The coercive acts againſt *America*, was adapted, ſays Lord Mansfield, to caſes (*of criminal combinations, among ſubjects not then in arms.* The ground upon which the fiſhery (or famine) bill was brought in and defended by Lord North, againſt the *Americans*, was, that they were rebels, and then actually in arms; though the

rea;

real truth was, that they had at that period, proceeded no farther than conſulting in what manner they ſhould defend themſelves againſt a ſiege of miniſterial oppreſſions, enforced by an obedient Parliament.

How Lord Mansfield, with all his jeſuitical precaution, makes his Majeſty give the LYE to his oſtenſiable miniſter! If the *Americans* were not *then in arms*, they could not have been rebels and traytors, as Lord North and his miniſterial clan, then called them; and it was the height of ſavage barbarity to treat them as if they were ſo, and inſtead of endeavouring to reclaim them, (as the miniſtry now pretend they wiſhed) to ſet out againſt ſubjects and children with every hoſtile means of extirpation. His Lordſhip (finding now, that Americans are not to be bullied) pretends, after the loſs of a large army, *(an anxiety to prevent, if poſſible, the effuſion of American blood.)* Was it not poſſible then, my Lord, to have adopted any conciliatory meaſures, but thoſe which were replete with death and deſolation againſt ſubjects, who, you ſay yourſelf, were not in arms at the time of paſſing your favourite coercive acts, for yours they were? Before they had acted, did they deſerve to be called traytors by your parliament, and to periſh by FAMINE and the SWORD? Are theſe the boaſted conſequences of being a ſubject of *Great Britain?* Are thoſe ſubjects thus made *(the freeſt members of any civil ſociety in the known world?)* Is freedom to be found under a government where your Lordſhip preſides in conſular dignity, together with your colleague Bute? Does your Lordſhip think that the people of England are to be gulled by words, or the people of America duped by declamation? Let me attend your Lordſhip now, in your political fears, that America is ſetting up *(an independant empire.)* If your lordſhip, and your colleague, will not ſuffer her to be free, ſhe is too powerful, too high ſpirited, and too wiſe, to be a ſlave. But will your Lordſhip condeſcend to liſten to America even at this moment; after ſhe has been in ſome degree victorious; after your military aſſaſſins have been worſted, and the poor remains of them blocked up, diſheartened, dying daily, and averſe to further murders; after all this, America tells your Lordſhip, in the humbleſt terms, that ſhe does not wiſh to be independant, ſhe only wiſhes not to be enſlaved. But it ſeems ſhe tells you ſo in congreſs; an unlawful aſſembly, whom you cannot ſtoop to hear. Proceed then, my Lord, at your peril, (prepared as America now is) to draw more blood: but know, that the *ſpirit of the Britiſh nation is indeed too high, the reſources with which God has bleſſed her, are too numerous, to give up ſo many colonies*, to the pride, the ambition, the rapacity and tyranny of *three* men, for there are but *three* in the whole empire, who wiſh for the deſtruction of America, in their heart; the reſt are but the venal echoes of this accurſed triumvirate. But I find your Lordſhip's wiſdom and clemency, at length induce you *(to put a ſpeedy end to the diſorders in America.)* Be not too confident, my Lord, before the diſorders in America end, diſorders in England will begin, ſuch as neither your wiſdom, clemency, nor all your Foreign aſſiſtance can allay.

What

What hopes can your Lordſhip's party have in the national militia? They will not draw a ſword but upon national principles. They will not ſerve your turn. They will not do the buſineſs of mercenary cut-throats, like thoſe employed in St. George's Fields. In the next paragraph, your Lordſhip (ſmoothing your warlike front) is pleaſed moſt graciouſly to extend pardon and indemnity, not only to deluded individuals, but to whole provinces and colonies; they are to be reſtored upon ſubmiſſion. Reſtored! to what? To their ſlaughtered friends and families? To the enjoyment of their habitations, towns, and cities, laid in aſhes? To the enjoyment of their beſt inheritance, their laws, which have been wreſted from them? To their charters, given upon royal faith, which have been infringed and violated by tyrannic perfidy? To the liberty of uſing, giving, and granting, their own diſtinct property, acquired by the ſweat of their own brows, in their own diſtinct community? O! righteous adminiſtration! O! pious Sovereign! O! godlike diſpenſation! O! unparalelled inſtance of royal munificence and juſtice! But alas! to what muſt theſe pardoned penitents ſubmit? (Name it not, my Lord, in the hearing of a ſingle Engliſhman. To paſſive obedience, to eſtabliſhed ſlavery; to the deſpotic yoke of men, who, inſtead of foſtering parents, have already proved themſelves unfeeling tyrants; of men, who have ſhut their eyes, their ears, their hearts, againſt the repeated cries, and humble ſupplications of their injured children. No, my Lord, your ſagacious accomplices may deſpair, America will never ſue; ſhe never will accept your proffered pardons and indemnities, whilſt ſhe has a ſingle tongue, with which ſhe can demand redreſs, or one faithful band, unſacrificed in the cauſe of freedom. Call in your Ruſſians, let them looſe like a deluge on your colonies, and let them become maſters, at laſt, of that ſoil which they have fattened with the braveſt blood in your Dominions. Like a true Scotchman, make a wiſe advantage of the virtue of America, receive the price of blood, and ſell your depopulated empire in America, to thoſe warlike ſavages. Add this jewel you deſpiſe, to the Ruſſian crown, and let us ſee the purchaſe-money piouſly beſtowed in ſubduing the liberties of *Great Britain*, and bowing her ſtubborn neck beneath the yoke of Bute. This with you, my Lord, would be true conſtitutional dependance.

Here I will diſmiſs your Lordſhip's ſpeech, ſtruck (as I am) with the deepeſt admiration of your two addreſſes; I make bold to call them yours, my Lord, becauſe I am ſatisfied they were likewiſe penned, or at leaſt, peruſed, ſettled, and approved by your lordſhip, whom I hold to be the fabricator of every miniſterial machination and iniquity. Theſe two addreſſes (ſervile echoes of your Lordſhip's ſpeech) ſhame even the ſlaviſh ſycophant of court and parliament, in the more magnanimous reign of James the Firſt; who, (like another royal coward in the preſent age) was in hourly fear of a life ſo truly precious to his kingdoms. That anointed fool was equally ſuſpicious of momentary plots againſt his ſacred perſon. That celebrated heroe, zealous to preſerve God's vicegerent upon earth, uſed to ſearch the very pockets of his courtiers, nay, of the Queen herſelf; for knives, ſciſſars, bodkins, and crooked pins; yet, in that puſillanimous reign, a crouching, hired majority in parliament, offered up the liberties of the

the people at the ſhrine of prerogative, a ſhrine erected then, and ſince, in breach of the coronation oath, by an ignorant, perjured, weak, and tyrannic hypocrite. Our preſent addreſſing majorities, with an audacious and a rapid hand, are opening all the ancient, ſtagnated ſluices of prerogative, to overwhelm anew, that glorious conſtitution, which they artfully eſpouſe in words, but traitorouſly undermine in practice; uniting in one confederate body, with another Stuart, to deſtroy the laws and liberties of their country.

ALLEN'S GHOST.

*** On Monday laſt, at noon, was publiſhed, (*Price Two-pence Half-penny*) the SPIRITED PROTEST of the minority Lords, and his Grace the Duke of Mancheſter's animated ſpeech, againſt an addreſs to the King, and taking foreign troops into the pay of Great Britain, without conſent of parliament.

To the PUBLIC.

For COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESSES, &c.

The PECTORAL DECOCTION, an *infallible Remedy*.

A Gentleman, who, at this Time, when COUGHS and COLDS are no leſs dangerous, than general, has deſtributed to his Friends, Neighbours; and the Poor round him, the above Remedy GRATIS, is, by their Perſuaſions, and from motives of Humanity, induced to make it Public, as the Community at large could receive no Benefit from it, while confined to a private local Diſtribution, indeed it would have been an act of the greateſt INHUMANITY to have with-held this valuable SPECIFIC from the Public, when more than fifty People have been cured by taking it, within theſe few Days, and one who had quite loſt his Speech.--The Proprietor expects this Tribute of Gratitude from the Public, that ATTESTATIONS of its Efficacy may be left at the Places of Sale by thoſe who receive Benefit rom it, as the greateſt Pleaſure he enjoys is in being uſeful to his Fellow Creatures. This DECOCTION is ſold in Bottles of Two-ſhillings each, with Directions, at Mr. T. W. SHAW's, oppoſite Anderton's Coffee Houſe, Fleet-ſtreet; Mrs. KINGMAN, the corner of Sweeting's Alley, Royal Exchange.

N. B. The PECTORAL DECOCTION may be given to Children of the tenderſt Age.

Printed and publiſhed for the Authors, by T. W. SHAW, in Fleet-ſtreet, oppoſite Anderton's Coffee Houſe, where Letters to the Publiſher will be thankfully received.